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E. E. WORTMAN, JOHN B. PORTER.

Poetry.

A WIFE'S SONG.

By Mrs. Mary E. Ives.
Sweetheart, I pray thee take thine ease,
Let these tired hands from labor cease,
Nor crowd the vision of the year,
Turn thy grave face to me awhile,
And let me see the old-time smile,
Which life still counts a treasure.
I would my song, soft as the air,
Might bring thee sweetest violets fair,
And fragrant musk-roses,
Might breathe into thy troubled breast,
A quietude and rest,
And thou life's grief forget.
Life's grief forget O, no, not quite,
For what were more without the night,
Or sunlight without shadow?
As well might June forget its showers
When singing birds and blooming flowers
Make glad the silent meadow.
Ever to glow the dear God's will
Guides us through many a seeming ill,
Hearts of us in anguish sleeping,
But through the darkness, we see
What may forever hinder us
From eyes looking unto weeping.
Then let us trust his wise behest,
Who ordering all things for the best,
Has joy and sorrow blended,
And we may learn to bless the shower,
Though beaten down by every flower,
Our hope has fondly tended.

OVER THE BARS.

Twice milking time and the cows came up
From the meadows sweet with clover,
And stood in the lane, while pretty June
Had quiet chat with the drover.
Such a quiet chat, that it scarcely seemed
That a single cluck was spoken;
While a magic spell with the night-larks fall,
And the rhythm of song was unbroken.
The cattle stood at the lovers' side,
Without any show of vexation,
As though impressed that a five-bar rest
Was a part of their restoration.
And as June listened to notes that came
Right under the bars and over the fence,
Her heart took wing, like a silly thing,
And nestled up close to the drover.
She heard him say that his home was poor,
That he'd nothing but love to give her;
And she smiled content, as though Love had
Spent
Every arrow he had in his quiver;
She smiled content, while the evening air
With the voices of birds was ringing;
And her life confessed that a lovely nest
Should never prevent her singing.
So over the bars the lovers lane,
In the joy of sweet communion;
And their looks declare that poverty never
Shall be a bar to their union.
Oh, sweetest music, go thread your rhymes,
Now under the bars and over the fence,
Where pretty June, in the fragrant lane,
Bewitched the heart of the drover.

Miscellany.

GENTLE JACK.

There is a high wind and a high tide
in a little town on the Sussex coast
this Christmas-eve. It is a gay little
town in its first season, and asks
wicked prices for its small lodgings, its
provisions, and crazy carriages, and
more crazy bathing machines; but now
it is doing penance for all its pleasant
little summer whims. Its winter socks
and coats, and its winter hats, and
it is strewn, if not with ashes, with its
beach-stones, which the waves tear up
and cast about them, paying back the
attacks that all the little longers have
made upon them in the same manner
through the summer time. The parade
has vanished from view, as utterly as
have the bright throngs that walked
there in the moonlight and music of
last September. It is hidden completely
by the sable company of waves that
dance there to their own and the wind's
music, and that on such a night as this
even cross the road, and beat for ad-
mittance on the windows of the front
lodging-houses, and mockingly remind
the landladies, as they shut them out,
that they will have no more eligible
lodgers than themselves yet for a weary
while.
What light there is, is surely con-
centrated in one spot, shining cor-
ner behind the town, where bathing
machines, with their ladders drawn up,
stand like dogs with their tails between
their legs. Very white and cold they
look contrasted with the black cottages
facing them, and the black force that
sends out light strong enough to be
seen by travelers on distant lonely roads
in this flat country; sailor lads and
men, with handkerchiefs bundled, going
home to spend Christmas; and sisters
and daughters and sweethearts out at
service coming home to meet them.
The work of padding-making is go-
ing on betwixt the cottages; and the
turned-out husbands who won't stone
raisins, chop suet, or mind baby, take
refuge in the forge; where, with faces
like red Indians in the light of the
smithy fire, they are listening to a story
of the town well suited to such a night.
The smith himself is telling it.
When I first came to this forge (he
had begun,) my next door neighbors
were a family of the name of Hurlan.
They were a sea-faring family, by
which I mean they all got their living
by the sea. There was Joe Hurlan,
tall, lithe, strapping, black-eyed, with
a fiery temper, who sailed his little
fish-boat, and earned the pounds.
There was old Mary, his wife, fat,
round, blue-eyed, plaid, kept her bath-
ing machines, taught the lady visitors
to swim, ducked their children, and
earned the shillings.
There was young
Mary—slim, blue-eyed, and plaid too,
dried the towels and bathing-dresses on
the beach, and earned the pence—
There were five small boys and five
small girls, who went out to sea along
with father, and carried towels and
gowns to and fro between young Mary
on the shingle and old Mary with her
machines on the sands, and earned the
halfpence. Eleven children, and father
and mother, you would think, would
be for the sea to live on, and come home
with bulging pockets; and what with

tarpaullins, and mushroom hats. But
this was not all: there was likewise a
nephew of Joe's, a cheery, happy-go-
lucky sort of a lad; who by turns
helped Joe to earn the pounds, and old
Mary the shillings, young Mary the
pence, and the small fry the halfpence.
To tell the truth, I think he liked help-
ing with the pence best.
Now though this lad was the son of
Joe Hurlan's own and only brother,
whose bones had never been laid out
to dust, but were contained among the
mysteries of the deep sea, and though
it had been Joe's own act to take the
lad from his widowed mother, it was
only too well known that uncle and
nephew did not pull well together.
Watching them at work, you would say
it was no wonder.
Joe Hurlan was clever, quick as
thought in his movements, industrious,
brave as a lion, and too often not only
as brave but as furious and dangerous.
Bitter words and sometimes bitter
cries were heard from Joe's boat by
those who cast their nets near them;
and even on shore, I've heard the
coastguard say, as he caught some
squads out at sea, "There's Hurricane
Joe at it again."
Yet to meet Joe Hurlan in an ordi-
nary way was to meet a right hearty
pleasant fellow, sound and true, who
could spin a yarn—oh! couldn't he
spin the very ale and the pipes out,
and show you a temper, Joe could, any
minute, as if he had it in his pocket.
He was not far past forty, but he called
himself old Joe.
Now young Jack Hurlan was so much
the contrary in temper and manner to
Joe, that he was called Fairweather
Jack and Gentle Jack; and a harmless,
happy, good-humored soul he was.
That Jack was born with a sea-
sick stomach, and a head full of differ-
ent healthy sundry-browns; and his eyes
were of a misty sea blue. He was al-
ways singing, whether at sea with Joe,
or drawing out the bathing machines
for old Mary, or mending nets and
looking up at the pretty ladies on the
parade, or helping young Mary fold the
bathing-gowns. Not that Jack had
much notion of song; he was singing
sang was a sort of chant, he might have
caught from the waves and stones when
they mix and roll over in fresh strong
weather. There was a surging sort of
rise and fall in Jack's song which made
one feel that the happiness which was
the source of it was boundless as the
sea. His words were his own, and, as
well as any one could catch them, were
these which no doubt, came to him as
he was shooting a heavy butt down
the sands, and expecting a fierce voy-
age of it with Joe.
"Heave, heave, O!
Pull along;
Never give up;
That's my song."
It was not a favorite song with Joe
Hurlan, who apparently had a theory
that the passions of the wind and wa-
ters had their equivalents in human na-
ture, and that it was necessary to let
them see it. No sooner, then, did ad-
verse winds assail him than he turned
upon them, and with all the force of
the world, with a fury that was far more
formidable to the poor lad than the
worst hurricane that ever blew.
But Jack suffered less than might
have been expected. He was as ready
to meet and greet his uncle's return to
tranquillity and good nature as the sum-
mer sun is to meet and greet the sea.
When the storm-clouds have wrecked
their rage, and passed away; and the
result was scarcely less cheerful. Never
were there two such friends, when
they were friends, as Joe Hurlan and
Fairweather Jack. Joe's remorse for
his violence was deep though silent,
and after every outburst the real affec-
tion he bore the orphan lad was strength-
ened by the recollection of the almost
superhuman patience and gentle sweet-
ness which he had shown.
Yet Jack was merely a merry good-
natured fellow, and, said to so far
from being a saint, that his uncle, who
was true as truth itself, was often
obliged to put a sudden stop to the
torrent of his to which Jack gave vent
when questioned, after a rough voyage,
as to the bruises on his forehead or the
swelling of his poor red knuckles. He
had fallen out of the boat on Eelsea
Island, and when he was brought home,
and laid in the most natural man-
ner imaginable, till Joe put a stop to the
telling by crying out sternly,
"Hold hard with those d—n lies,
Jack, will yer?—Mary, 'twas me that
mailed him."
There were land storms no less than
sea storms with Joe Hurlan, and many a
time have the whole household
come scampering out and taken shelter
in the fore house. Old Mary had her
trembling behind the door there, young
Mary there, with Jack's arm round her
waist; and the five bits of boys in their
blue-blank shirts and tarpaullins, and
the five bits of girls in their blue-blank
gowns and in nuroom hats, filled
the place so that there was scarce room
for the sole of one's foot. I'd have to
bear with their company till Joe would
be seen sinking into a black sea thunder
with rage and shame.
By that time they might safely ven-
ture home; and home they would go,
old Mary thanking and "God-blessing"
for the refuge, and young Mary
smiling and blushing through her tears,
and joining with her pretty voice in
Jack's
"Heave, heave, O!
Pull along!"
and the little monkeys of children
jumping and tumbling over one another,
and wickedly pretending to be fright-
ened out of their wits by the distant
view of Joe's back. In an hour or
two would come Joe himself, fuddled
with the comfort he had taken at the
Flying Fish, and with remorse and
shame.
"So the devil had hold of me again,
Sturt," he'd say. And my answer was
always:
"He has, Joe Hurlan; and if you
don't have a reckoning with him once
for all, you'll find there'll come a day
he'll be too much for you."
"Right you are—I feel it," Joe would
growl. Before going in, he would
steal off to the town, and come home
with bulging pockets; and what with

the jumping and shouting and clamor,
and old Mary's laugh (which at bath-
ing-time you could hear from one end
of the parade to the other,) and what
with Jack's "Heave, heave, O!" I
don't know but what neighbors had
more reason to complain of the peace-
making than the storm.
But Joe Hurlan's passion was not
always to blow over so harmlessly. It
came to pass that every fit was longer
and fiercer than the last. The children
crouched down lower now when they
came to the forge for shelter; and no
more laughed and made fun behind
Joe's distant back, but kept quietly in
their hiding-places till he was out of
sight; while old Mary trembled and
young Mary cried much more than in
old times; but I noticed that she and
young Jack clung to each other closer
and closer as things got worse and
worse. When the girl went to meet
her father and Jack after their little
voyages, I noticed she would take
hold of one of every fresh bruise on
Jack's face and hands, and grow dead-
ly pale; and Jack's cheerful "Heave-
heave, O!" no longer comforted her.
One night—it was a week before
Christmas, and the tide was in as far
as Eelsea-corn—Joe and the lad were
at sea. I was sitting here near one
o'clock; the wind was too high to think
of sleep; I was sitting here half-doz-
ing, and suddenly I was aware that
something more than wind was fumbling
at the door.
"Who's there?"
"Joe Hurlan."
I open it; Joe comes in, with his
head shrunk into his neck, and his back
bent, his face livid, and his eyes turn-
ing everywhere but on my face.
"Back already, Joe?" I said.
He did not answer me, but went to
his usual seat by the fire and sat down.
I stood still before the open door;
something made me suspicious of him.
"Where's Jack?" I asked him.
"Gone to his mother's," he said; then
clenched his hands and rocked himself
over the fire. Jack's mother lived as a
sort of servant at the coastguard sta-
tion, twelve miles off.
"How's that," said I, "when you've
just come ashore?" for he was
dripping wet from the waist. "He's
never going to walk there this time of
night?"
He looked up suddenly—such a look
as I shall never forget.
"Start, start, don't torture me!
Jack's not with his mother."
"Where is he, then?"
"Why did he sing in the storm, while
I was cursing?"
"Joe Hurlan," said I, "where is your
brother's son?"
"Why did he sing Mary's hymns
when we were in danger? Why did he
sing hymns praising the Maker of the
wind that was taking the bread out of
the children's mouths?"
"I ask you again, Joe, where is the
son of your drowned brother?"
"Why did he steal my father's heart,
and make her love her own father for
beating him?"
"You wretch, where's Jack?"
"He might have made a struggle—it's
his own fault. He knew it'd rile me
more to put up his hand like that, and
cry out, 'Uncle, you and father were
brothers—your'd never kill me?'
"You pitiful scoundrel," says I, seiz-
ing his collar, "want you done with
Jack?"
"Don't! Don't! I tell you he's with
his mother!"
"Will they find him there when he's
sought for to-morrow, as he will be?"
"Find him—find him? O my Jack!
they should tear him limb from limb, if
that would find him!"
"Joe Hurlan," said I, "if Jack isn't
with his mother, where is he?"
"With his father," said Joe, in a sort
of whispering, "and I sent him there!"
And he looked up at me, quailing
before me as if I should deal him in-
stant justice.
Jack's face was before my eyes;
Jack's voice was in my ears. I dared
not trust myself alone with his destroy-
er. I only opened my door wide and
pointed out; and he crept away.
I did not give Joe Hurlan up to jus-
tice the next day, as I had fully meant
to do; I did not do it for reasons I
shall tell you by and by.
Joe did not evade me nor put him-
self in my way. He did not give him-
self up, as I half expected he would.
He told me afterwards it would have
been almost a relief to him to do it,
as far as he was concerned; but he had
not courage to undo his wife and
children, and all at once, who be-
lieved thoroughly his first statement
that Jack was at his mother's. He won-
dered much at my hesitation. I saw
he did. In fact, once he almost told
me so.
"Why do you keep the worm under
your foot?" he said, putting his haggard
face over the low door there, about the
second evening. "Why don't you crush
it at once?"
I turned my back upon him. I had
done so whenever he looked over the
door, as he had done several times since
the night he came home without Jack.
This went against the grain with him
more than any words would have done.
The third evening he was there again
more haggard and wild than ever.
"Sturt," says he, "it must be all over.
I must have swung for Jack. I must
be in hell now. There's nothing worse
than this—there can't be. They'll
drive me mad. It's—When Jack comes
back, from morning till night. What's
the use of letting Christmas come?
They'll know fast enough then, when
it comes without him, that he'll never
come at all. What d'ye say? Shall
I make an end of it?"
I did not look at him or answer him,
and he drew a long breath and crept
away. He did not make an end of it
that day.
The next morning, about twelve
o'clock, he came straight into the forge,
and clutching my arm, said, "Come out
—come out, and tell me what the fools
are all gapping at."
Shaking him off, I walked with him
down to the road before the parade,
which was torn and tumbled about by
the high tides, as it will be to-morrow.
It was a fine bright morning, and all

the gentry (there used to be more
winter gentry than we have now) had
tired out, and were standing in little
groups looking at something out at sea.
There were some sailboats, and a few
of the parade to the other,) and what
with Jack's "Heave, heave, O!" I
don't know but what neighbors had
more reason to complain of the peace-
making than the storm.
We asked an old sailor what it was,
and he told us it was a dead body out
just beyond the pier. Person Browne
—he was one of your sea-fanciers—was
coming ashore that morning at four
o'clock; and he had seen it, and given
proper notice, and it had been fastened
by a rope to a little sailing-boat.
There were some sailboats where we
stood, dividing the road from a field
the sea had laid waste. Joe leant
against these with a row of other water-
men, and looked out in the same direc-
tion as everybody else looked. All
that could be seen of the thing they
looked at from this distance was a small
dark line on the bright glittering water
between the pier and the little boat.
Everybody was in the same place,
and I was the only one who was not.
He had been fished home to dinner by
the children, and had slunk back again.
By a time all was ready for bring-
ing it ashore. The shell that had been
made for it in the morning was down
on the beach, ready for it to be lifted
into out of the boat that was just setting
off to fetch it. Four men were going
into the boat. Just as it was putting
off, one of them, a young fellow who
I did not know, but who was a sick-
ened at the job, and asked to be let off,
wiped the moisture from his forehead
with his sleeve when he saw this.
It struck him that the young man had
a sort of instinct about the thing,
though not the slightest suspicion was
about in the town about Jack's absence.
The lad was let off, and the three
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see the light of Joe's strong form
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A Delightful Cantata,
WITH
Sharming Solos and Brilliant Chor-
uses of Easy Execution!
By J. R. THOMAS.
Designed for Schools, Singing Classes and Social
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voices with Sparkling Piano Accompaniment. The
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A Full Assortment of

FIRE WORKS,

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SEE WHAT THEY INDICATE!

ing, with fullness in the head, Vomiting
Food after a meal, Putrid taste in the
Mouth, Heartburn, Water-brash, Heat in
the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Indifference
to Food, Great desire for something Sour,

reating, Confusion of the Head, Giddiness, Heaviness in the Head, Bad taste in the Mouth, Constipation, very Costive, no Motion of the Bowels oftener than every fifth or sixth day unless taking physic, which appears to give relief for a short

Y manner.
DIRECTIONS.—Take five Pellets after eating.
 Prepared by N. WIGGIN, Rockland. Price one
 dollar a bottle. For sale by all Druggists. Sent by
 mail on receipt of the price.
 May 20, 1869. 234f

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 MR. & MRS. J. HATCH

Worsted, Yarns & Small Wares
Our stock consists in part of the following articles,
SUPER WORSTEDS, in all shades,
TAPESTRY AND HOOD YARN, KNIT-
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from 6 cents and upwards,
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YARN, for Tiedies,
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fine Cotton, in all the numbers and shades, Edges of every description and price, Lace, Linen and Hankerchiefs, all prices, Some nice boxes of Handkerchiefs for Gentlemen's use. Hosiery and Gloves in great variety.


WHITE GOODS,
Ladies' Under Vests and Draws, Ribbons by the yard, or Yards, Combs, Hair and Teeth Brushes, Pins, Monnaies, Needles, Fine King Needles, Pocket Hooks, and other small articles too numerous to mention.

OLD LADIES' FRONT PIECES,

JAPAN SWITCHES, BRAIDS AND COILS,
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above goods have been bought for CASH, and
be sold on a SMALL PROFIT.

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WERY & BOARDING STABLE.
 120 ME ROCK ST., ROCKLAND, ME.
 Any style of Single or Double Team furnished at
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 Races are run to all the Boats and Public Houses
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 250, Books kept at this office for the different Stage
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 FRED H. BERRY.
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 211f
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THE FIRST CLASS WORKMEN
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Good wages and constant employ-
ment. Call or address,
A. R. BILLS.
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A detailed illustration of a pair of human eyes looking through a pair of round-rimmed spectacles. The eyes are large and expressive, with visible eyelashes and eyebrows. The spectacles have a thin bridge and temples. The entire illustration is rendered in a classic, engraved style.

PERFECTION!
 many thousands who use
LAZARUS & MORRIS'
 Celebrated Perfected
 Spectacles and Eye-Glasses,
 pronounce them to be the most
Perfect, Pleasant and Brilliant Glasses

Ever manufactured.
 A large and increasing demand for them is a sure
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 That Science has discovered and Art perfected
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 They **strengthen and preserve the sight,**
 easy and pleasant to wear, and last many years
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MR. O. S. ANDREWS,

Bookseller and Stationer,
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 whom only can they be obtained.
 We employ no Peddiers.
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is the most perfect instrument that musical
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tone of the pipe organ.
For Cash, from \$65 to \$100.
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Superior Instruments, at very low prices for cash.
Other Musical Merchandise of every description,
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Wash Customers!

Cut, Clinch, Boat and Horse Nails; Paints,
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AT THE BROOK-

H. H. CRIE & CO.
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For Sale.

A COTTAGE HOUSE, 23 x 28,
finished throughout; situated
on the corner of Warren and John
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